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qualms. He asked Tom if he could not arrange a crew to take his wa terach, sea-going canoe, and go along. Tom said he could, but that he would have to get permission from the chiefs.

When the decision was made to sail that Monday morning, Ted had high hopes that he could go along. He made it seem very simple. I didn't know whether to volunteer to go along or not; I don't know whether he would have taken me anyway, but I was scared at the prospect of having to make some decision. But the decision was taken away from us.

We heard Maroligar blowing on his conch shell down by the beach, to call the chiefs together. Shortly after, the three navigators from Satawal came to pay us a farewell call, along with Fagolier, Maroligar and Tom. Tom announced to Ted the chiefly decision:

"Those chief 'e say 'no'. Suppose too much wind. Suppose typhoon 'e come. That canoe 'e go roll, roll, roll. Bimeby fall down in salt water. You *die*.

"Suppose you want go 'nother island, 'e got steamer. 'E got that Navy boat. You take 'im."

I felt a great sense of relief. Ted took it nobly, though surely his last chance for this great anthropological scoop was going with those canoes. He couldn't question the chiefly decision: but he could at least use the incident to show that chiefly government on Ifaluk was operating, and that the chiefs felt secure enough to deny a request backed by the enormous prestige of an anthropologist representing the occupying American power.

Ted decided he would at least get as thorough a description of the embarkation as he could. He put a case of corned beef in the rowboat and we set out for Falalap, Bakal and a friend at the oars and Don and me armed to the teeth with cameras. We got there just in time to see the last of the three big canoes rolled down into the water, and to follow the provisioning and stowing of the baggage—mostly big wooden chests that looked as though they might be of Japanese manufacture. Finally the passengers started to embark. The few women and children among these crawled into little thatched huts built out over the water on each canoe, on the opposite side from the outriggers. It certainly looked like cramped quarters.